

## Hugh Sums Paid for Stamps

NOTHING in philately can beat in rarity the stamp catalogued as "British Guiana, 1856, 1c," because there is only one in existence. It has been purchased for \$36,565, setting a record price for stamp collecting.



## Magazine Page



## This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the banishment, in 1637, of Anne Hutchinson from Massachusetts for her doctrine of freedom of thought, Indians murdered her and all her family save one near Stamford, Conn.

# The Stranger

## A Thrilling Drama of Complex Situations

### By John Goodwin

#### Justice Grapples With Infamy, Portraying Master Rascality, and Love of Fair Women and Brave Men

THE other men pressed round him eagerly.

The photograph showed a girl of about eighteen, in a dress which was cheap and unbecoming, yet not tawdry. Her eyes were large and dark, with a strangely wistful, appealing expression. She looked little more than a child. The face was delicately beautiful; but the full, tender curve of the lips gave promise of hidden passion that would develop with the years. It was an elfin face, such a face as men see in the Garden of Dreams.

"Nothing of Slim Jim there!" said Vaille.

"And yet—I don't know. Those eyes—"

"No, no," said Mr. Bell softly. "Tender, honest, virginal and poor. All the qualities, chief, which we most wish to find." He chuckled as he held the photograph in his fat white hands.

"A bit of stuff that might have been made for us," said Slaney, licking his lips. "And now, chief, what orders?"

"You, Vaille," said Mr. Callaghan, "will take that photo, make four copies, and start your search at once on lines I shall lay down for you. Drummond, you will make your task the tracing of Janet Mackellar, and here also I am able to put you on a scent. I myself will investigate actively."

He turned to Slaney.

"For you, Slaney, I have a much more specialized role. I shall obtain you a man servant's situation at Knayth Abbey, which you will take up forthwith. It is a little difficult, as they are now reducing their staff. But I have had this in view some time; I have arranged an opening there for you. Your task will be to possess yourself of all possible inside information concerning the Talbols family and the Knayth household before it breaks up. You will hold the inner line of communications."

"It's a job that's just made for me, chief," said Slaney, rubbing his hands. "I shall fairly eat it!" "You will not forget," said Mr. Callaghan, coldly, "that you are a gentleman's gentleman. And heaven help you," he added, with a steely flash in his eyes, "if you fail me! Now, my friends, to work."

"Wait, chief!" said Drummond eagerly. "You've not settled the plan. Surely one thing stands out

like a lighthouse. One of us ought to corner the girl and marry her before an inkling of all this comes out! Make sure of her. It's a chance in a million. And easy enough," he said gently, "for one of this party."

#### Second Coup.

"You see yourself enthroned at Knayth as prince consort, eh?" sneered Vaille.

"No!" said Callaghan sharply, and he struck the table with his fist. "I absolutely forbid that! It is no part of the plan. Cast it from your minds. And mark you this!" he said, thrusting his head forward. "The man who married that girl would have the poorest bargain in London! He would find himself left!"

There was dead silence. "I have a second coup in view," said Callaghan slowly, "when the first is accomplished. A coup that will come as a thunderbolt, and will enrich us beyond anything you dream of getting from this first campaign; but until the time comes I shall keep that strictly to myself. Your part is to obey!"

"The chief's right," said Vaille, after a pause. "The game's in his hands. We want no bungling. Before the week's out we'll get hold of this charming your person."

"Remember always," said Callaghan, "that her life is our greatest and most profitable asset. We have to preserve and protect it," he added benevolently, "against all things untoward."

"But her name—her honor—her innocence—" murmured Vaille ironically, as he filled his glass.

Mr. Callaghan's mobile lips drew back in a smile that showed two long eye-teeth.

"All these we shall assess at their market value," he said gently.

#### CHAPTER 3.

##### The Man With the Brief.

The click and rattle of twenty typewriters echoed through the long, hot room. An intrusive sunbeam, shooting through an upper window, gilded the heads of the girls as they bent over the key-boards and lit up their hair. A marvelous diversity of hair—chestnut, yellow, black, peroxide blonde, and in one case flaming red. On the street windows was the

### When the Girls Smoke Up

By T. E. Powers

(Copyright, 1922, by Star Company.)



### A Gripping and Imaginative Story of Mystery, Lure and Intrigue, Touching Every Phase of Human Glory.

legend, whimsically reversed when seen backwards through the panes—PUTTICK & COPEL, LAW AND COMMERCIAL TYPE-WRITING.

Joan Ayre, the youngest of Miss Puttick's employees, sat at the end of the farther row, her fingers tapping the keys of a Remington with dizzy speed. She was not only the youngest, but the prettiest girl in the room.

It was a charming, tender little face that bent over the machine; a face of a perfect oval, with a clear, rather pale, skin that heightened the redness of the curved lips. Her fingers were very slender and white. Her bright brown hair was drawn back too tightly, plaited in a neat but attractive mat at the back of her head. Her blouse was of stiff linen, very plain beside the startling confections worn by the more dashing employees of Puttick & Copes.

Presently Joan ceased typing and sat back with a little sigh. A wistful, pensive expression came over her face as though something had happened which was puzzling her. She fell into a brief day dream. But day dreams were not permitted in typing offices, and the harsh voice of her employer called her back to the present.

"Miss Ayre! Come here, please, and take Mr. Mottisfont's instructions."

Joan rose hastily and crossed to the desk, where stood the angular Miss Puttick, beside a valued customer who had just arrived.

His entry was greeted by a slight pause in the rattle of the machine, for most of the girls glanced up from their work. Philip Mottisfont, barrister-at-law, was so strikingly good-looking and almost miraculously well-dressed. His clothes sat upon him naturally, like the hide on a thoroughbred horse.

He was tall and well-built, his features finely cut, his age not more than thirty; short, yellow hair, with a crisp ripple over the temples, made him look younger still. His eyes were light blue and frankly supercilious, with an expression that bade his fellow-creatures stand aloof. They were mitigated by a sensitive mouth.

Joan glanced at him a little timidly, and her pale cheeks became faintly pink. Mr. Mottisfont greeted her with a pleasant smile. "It is a shame to drive you like

this, Miss Ayre," he said apologetically, "but no one else types my work so well as you; you understand just what I want. It is a brief, urgently needed by 6 o'clock. Can you manage it?"

As they bent their heads over the brief, while Mottisfont explained his needs, Joan Ayre was conscious of a curious thrill of pleasure. Once their hands touched accidentally, while turning over the pages. She was faintly confused, conscious that her heart was beating faster.

"There is a great deal of it," murmured Joan, "but I will get it through in time."

They both looked up from the desk, and were facing each other. For a moment Mottisfont did not reply. He was gazing straight into the girl's eyes—wonderful eyes, a deep, vivid violet.

"Thank you so much!" he said smiling. "I know I can always rely on you!"

He made her a courteous bow and left the room. Joan sat down at her desk. Almost unconsciously, despite herself, her eyes followed the tall, commanding figure that passed out through the door. Then, quickly, she bent to the work he had given her, and began to type at a bewildering pace.

There was another girl in the room whose gaze followed Mottisfont's exit; her hair was flaming red, and she watched him go with a sullen, baleful stare.

Mottisfont was quite unconscious of it. Always a brisk mover, he was already clear of Temple Chambers and, with a swinging stride, passed under the old gate into the Temple Gardens. A few minutes' walk brought him to his chambers in Fountain court. He opened the oak door with his latch-key and entered the front room.

There were no more luxurious rooms in the whole Temple. Mottisfont's taste was admirable. Several exhibition pieces of Jacobean furniture stood round the paneled walls, that were hung with old prints, gems of their kinds. A wealth of flowers brightened the room, a thick Turkey carpet covered the floor. An antique bureau held a library of law books bound in fine calf; on a little stand was a barrister's wig. Mottisfont opened a drawer and spread a brief on the window table, making ready for work.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

WHY WE NEED ARTIFICIAL AIDS

By Lucrezia Bori

THE true standard of beauty is, of course, to be as naturally lovely as possible.

Time was when to do this was easier. In these busy days so many of us live in cities where grime and smoke abound that we cannot benefit a scully from nature's aids to beauty as we might have when population was less dense.

We sometimes find people warring against the use on the face of soap and cold cream, but I maintain that we need them to keep our faces fresh and natural, because we are not living in a wholly clean and natural world.

Too much cold cream, of course, is bad. It may fill the pores of your skin and prevent the restorative properties of the air from setting in their work.

This is why I recommend the use of pure soap and good warm water on your face, except at intervals when you feel that an astringent cream or a tissue builder is needed.

At night wash your face with warm water and good soap, rinse it thoroughly several times and dry your skin with a soft towel, using an upward motion. This leaves your pores free to drink in the night air while you are sleeping.

Never forget this upward movement in drying your face. It strengthens your facial muscles and prevents them from getting that "dragged-down" look.

Then in the morning wash your face in good cold water. You should not need to use soap if you wash your face thoroughly the night before.

Now dry it thoroughly and lightly rub in this cold cream: Almond oil, 3 ounces; white wax, 5 drams; spermaceti, 5 drams; oil of bitter almonds, 1 dram; elderflower water, 3 ounces; witchhazel, 1 ounce.

Dust on a light application of good face powder to protect your skin against the wind and sun. Remember that white powder is never as natural as flesh-tinted powder, for no skin is really white.

### Bobbie and His Pa

By William F. Kirk

I HAVE the dearest girl friend cumming here for a week. sed Ma to Pa last night. Her name is Polly Thompson, Ma sed.

How old a girl is she? sed Pa. Not very old, sed Ma, about my age.

I see, sed Pa, neether old nor young? sed Pa.

She was a very pretty girl when we was girls together, sed Ma.

She may be changed sum, tho, sed Pa. A few dee-kades & buty beccums kind of dee-kade, sed Pa. Ha, ha, that is a droll jest, sed Pa.

That is in retched form, sed Ma. You speak of the passing years jest as if you were a yung Kite Errand, sed Ma. Instead of a fat old man of the world with vary little hair on his dome, sed Ma.

You mustn't mind me, sed Pa. I jest babbel long. Dount you pay any attenshun to my new-nor, sed Pa. You dount git most of it anyway, sed Pa.

Thank heving for that, sed Ma. I wonder if Polly will note that I have grown plump, sed Ma. She writes me that she has kept her waite down by eating crackers, sed Ma.

Maybe you're littel fren wont like yure littel husband, sed Pa. Then what shall I do? sed Pa. She is cumming to see me, so it wont maik much differns, sed Ma. But you wud like to have her like me, wuddent you? sed Pa.

I suppose so, sed Ma. I sent the wether vary sultry? sed Ma. You see, Bobbie, how it is, sed Pa. When a man marries he kind of drops out of it, sed Pa. His wife has her friends cum to see her, & most of the time thay dont give a 2nd look at the male provider & guardian of the party, sed Pa. We married men beccum as if we did not exist, sed Pa.

Wen I grow up I wont cair if no woman notises me, you bet, I sed I will be proud & haughty, like Lord Byron. I will walk with my head in the clouds, I sed.

Deer me, sed Ma, he doesn't git that from our side of the family, sed Ma.

But wen I stand 100 in rithmetick I git that from Ma's side of the family, thay always stood 100 in everything.

### IMPORTANCE OF SAUCES

By Loretto C. Lynch

An Acknowledged Expert in All Matters Appertaining to Household Management.

DRESSING or sauce may be either make or ruin a dish. Every woman should know how to make a good white sauce. It adds real food value to any dish, and may be varied easily to pique the appetite and appeal to the eye.

White sauce, of medium thickness resembling cream, may be made by rubbing together two level tablespoons each of bread flour and butter. To this is added exactly a half a pint of milk. The sauce is stirred constantly to prevent lumping when it boils, and then it is allowed to boil about two minutes, still being stirred.

For seasoning add one-half level teaspoonful of salt and a sprinkling of pepper.

This is a good foundation sauce. It may be varied by the addition of an egg yolk beaten in just as it comes from the stove. After the egg has set, the beating in

of a tablespoon of lemon juice transforms the sauce into Moccie Hollandaise.

Again plain white sauce may be varied by the addition of two tablespoons of grated cheese.

"Larar sauce," so well liked by epicures, is easily made at home. To half a cup of mayonnaise add a tablespoon each of chopped pimento, chopped suet, pickle and chili sauce and catsup.

Tartar sauce is served with fried oysters, scallops—in fact any fried fish or shellfish.

French dressing is easily made and goes well with plain lettuce salad. To make good French dressing, put into a bowl two level tablespoons of powdered sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of paprika. Add two tablespoons of vinegar and beat until well mixed.

Add four tablespoons of olive or other salad oil. One tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce sometimes is added to this dressing.

French dressing should be prepared just before using.

### Household Hints

The right way to peel onions is to begin at the root of the onion, peeling upward; the juice will not then fly into your eyes.

When making an omelet do not use too large a pan. The smallest size obtainable is suitable for an omelet containing two eggs. If too large a one is used, the eggs spreads and the omelet is thin and tough.

Bones to be used for making soup will remain in good condition for several days if they are baked for a few minutes in a hot oven.

To clean tarnished silver, moisten powdered magnesia with cold water, apply to the article, and let it dry. Rub off with a soft cloth.

For cleaning plate, an old cork dipped in a little moistened powder is excellent. Egg stains on spoons disappear if treated with salt applied with a cork.

A varnished floor should never be washed with hot water: a cloth wrung out in luke-warm water is best, and each piece must be dried as it is washed.

### Know That—

The noon moves 3,250 feet every second.

A fly walks, in proportion to its size, thirteen times as fast as a man can run.

Sweden has not had a war for a century.

In shipbuilding \$4,000 out of every \$5,000 expended goes in wages.

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Gouraud's Oriental Cream

### Rhyming Optimist

An Even Score.

Oh, not for me the costly things, the matchless gems of art, the beauty that has gladdened things or won an emperor's heart; for me no priceless tapestries, no castle built of stone, no paintings brought from overseas that I can call my own. My role is one of low estate, the common herd is mine, and being rich or poor or great has never been my line. I'd be the first one more, and yet I am not grieved to admit most folks I know have more, and yet I am not grieved a bit for there's an even score. For I have watched the rich man pass so full of thoughts of gain he could not see the dew-drenched grass nor catch the tune of rain. I've seen a man whose castle walls obscured the summer sky, for him no larks sang madrigals, no laughing winds danced by. It sometimes happens gold can blaze so bright it blinds the soul; bewitched, on it the misers gaze and see no other goal. The rich man hugs his treasure up and counts his dollars out; he does not see the brimming cup of beauty all about. But I rise singing with the sun and through the day I go, naming my riches one by one, the wealth all men may know. No tapestries can match the sheen of silver poplar trees shining against the field's soft green and dancing with the breeze. No amblystys like pansy blooms, no turquoise like the sky, no silk like that from fairy looms when thistledown floats by! Why, then, begrudge the rich man's part? These gifts are mine, and more; though he collects rare gems of art, it's still an even score!

### ADVICE TO LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

#### Ask Permission.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a student at a law school in this city. While home during my Christmas vacation the North a friend of mine gave me the name and address of a young lady here whom he suggested I get acquainted with. He gave me no letter of introduction and I know of no one here who can introduce me. He told me she was a very nice girl. I have always had great confidence in his judgment and would like very much to make her acquaintance. I do not feel it proper to go to her home and call. I wish to do what is right in this matter. How may I get acquainted with her without violating the rules of etiquette from the outset?

PERPLEXITY. WRITE the girl explaining your predicament and ask for permission to call.

#### Return the Question.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Here is a question which has been asked me by a girl, whom I love dearly, and one which I have been unable to answer, or, at least, express. What pleasure does a young man derive from putting his arm around a girl? Of course, it is perfectly clear to me, but how would you answer such a question to a girl of whom you are very fond? "BOB."

YOU can usually tell the truth to people of whom you are true.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

WHY ARE SOME WOMEN POPULAR, happy, beloved and successful, while others drag out a negative existence, of no use to themselves or anyone else? Except in a few cases the answer is to be found in a state of freedom from the troubles known as "female." The well woman radiates cheerfulness and serenity, while the ailing one reels because of her lack of these qualities. It is not necessary, however, to harbor aches and pains, and the "blues" that make our a detriment to society. The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought relief to such women, and given them a new lease on life.

### To-NIGHT Tomorrow

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